

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthazar the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all, My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres; Say that I lingerd with you at your shop To see the making of her Carkanet, And that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villaine that would face me downe He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold, And that I did denie my wife and house; Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E. Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know, That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show; If skin were parchment, & y blows you gaue were ink, Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E. Anti. I thinke thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare, I should kicke being kicke, and being at that passe, You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E. An. Y are sad signior Balthazar, pray God our cheer May answer my good will, and your good welcom here. *Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E. An. Oh signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish, A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is comon that euery churle affords. *Anti.* And welcome more comon, for thats nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest: But though my cates be meane, take them in good part, Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.

But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E. Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cistey, Gillian, Ginn.

S. Dro. Mome, Mulhotie, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,

Either get thee from the doore, or sit downe at the hatch: Dost thou coniure for wenches, that y callt for such store, When one is one too many, goe get thee from the doore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master styes in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

E. Anti. Who talks within there? ho, open the doore.

S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Anti. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name;

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame: If thou hadst bene Dromio to day in my place,

Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there Dromio? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in Luce.

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Proverbe, Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou hast answered him well.

Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

Luce. I thought to haue askt you.

S. Dro. And you said no.

E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adri. Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vnruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.

Adri. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the doore.

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue would goe sore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either.

Balth. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Anti. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee hinde.

E. Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue no fin.

Anti. Well, Ile breake iogge borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so, For

For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a feather, If a crow help vs in fissa, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Anti. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so, Heerein you warre against your reputation,

And draw within the compasse of suspect.

Th'vniolared honor of your wife.

Once this your long experience of your wise dome,

Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,

Plead on your part some cause to you vnkowne;

And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doores are made against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,

And about euenng come your selfe alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint:

If by strong hand you offer to breake in

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And that supposed by the common rowe

Against your yet vngalled estimation,

That may with foule intrusion enter in,

And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;

For slander liues vpon succession;

For euer hows'd, where it gets possession.

Anti. You haue prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,

And in despite of mirth meane to be merrie:

I know a welch of excellent discourse,

Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;

There will we dine: this woman that I meane

My wife (but I protest without desert)

Hath oftentimes vpbraid me withall:

To her will we to dinner, get you home

And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,

Bring it I pray you to the Porpentine,

For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow

(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)

Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:

Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,

Ile knocke else where, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.

Anti. Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

Enter Luliana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luliana. And may it be that you haue quite forgot

A husbands office? shall Antipholus

Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?

Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

Then for her wealths sake vse her with more kindnesse:

Or if you like else where doe it by stealth,

Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindness:

Let not my sister read it in your eye:

Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:

Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:

Apparell vice like vertues harbinger:

Beare a faire pretence, though your heart be tainted,

Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,

Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?

What simple chiefe brags of his owne attaine?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed

And let her read it in thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,

Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:

Alas poore women, make vs not beleue

(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,

Though others haue th

We in your motion tur

Then gentle brother go

Comfort my sister, chee

'Tis holy sport to be a l

When the sweet breath

S. Anti. Sweete M

know not;

Nor by what wonder y

Lesse in your knowledg

Then our earths wonder

Teach me deere creatur

Lay open to my earthie

Smotherd in errors, feel

The foulded meaning o

Against my foules pure

To make it wander in a

Are you a god? would

Transforme me then, an

But if that I am I, then

Your weeping sister is n

Nor to her bed no homa

Farre more, farre more,

Oh traine me not sweet

To drowne me in thy si

Sing Siren for thy selfe,

And in that glorious su

He gaires by death, tha

Let Loue, being light, b

Luce. What are you n

Anti. Not mad, but

Luce. It is a fault tha

Anti. For gazing on

Luce. Gaze when yo

your sight.

Anti. As good to win

Luce. Why call you n

Anti. Thy sisters si

Luce. That's my sister

Anti. No: it is thy se

Mine eies cleere eie, my

My foode, my fortune, a

My sole earths heaven, a

Luce. All this my si

Anti. Call thy selfe

Thee will I loue, and w

Thou hast no husband y

Giue me thy hand.

Luce. Oh soft sir, hol

Ile fetch my sister to ge

Enter Dromio

Anti. Why how now

fast?

S. Dro. Doe you kn

your man? Am I

Anti. Thou art Drom

thy selfe.

Dro. I am an asse, I

my selfe.

Anti. What woman

selfe?

Dro. Marrie sir, besides

One that claimes me, or

haue me.